

The Mirror

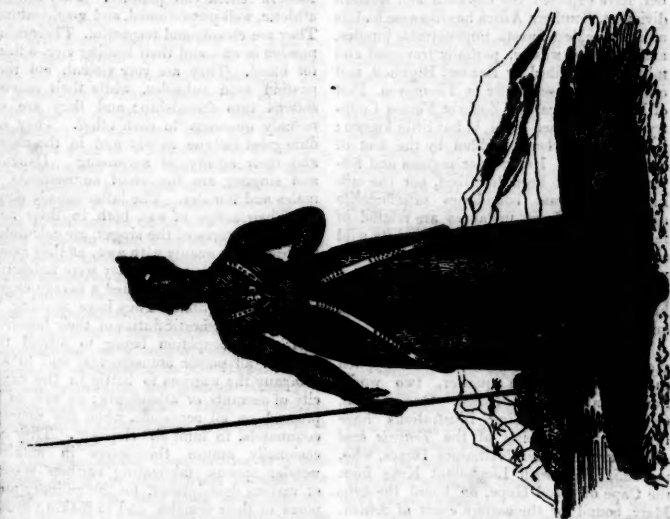
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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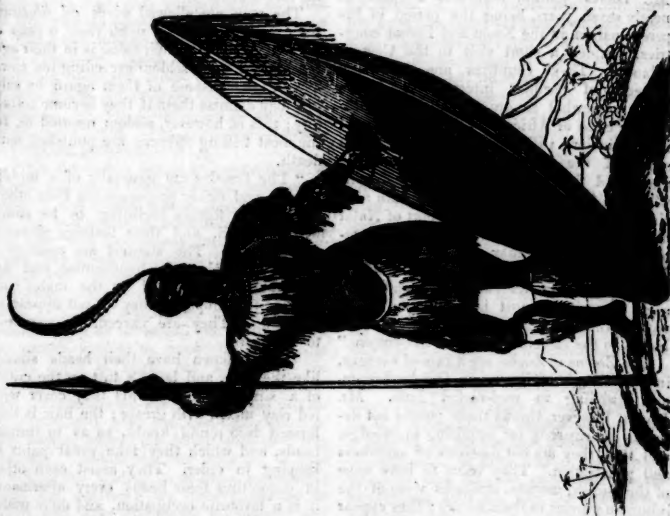
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1836.

[PRICE 2d.]

ZOOLUS OF EASTERN AFRICA.



A ZOOLUS PROPRIETARY.



CHALA, KING OF THE ZOOLUS.

VOL. XXVIII.

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THE ZOOLUS OF EASTERN AFRICA.

THE recent discoveries in Africa have extended to nearly three-fourths of that vast continent. Those able yet unfortunate travellers, Park, Denham, Clapperton, and Lander, have explored the northern and western divisions. Southern Africa has likewise had its almost trackless forests, impenetrable jungles, and extensive wastes, partially traversed and minutely described by Barrow, Burchell, and others, and subsequently by Thompson. Part of Eastern Africa, the Zoolu or Fumos Country, on the other hand, is but little known; it has scarcely been trodden by the foot of an European. Its interior regions and features have not been described, nor the outlines of its vast boundaries satisfactorily ascertained. Some instances are related of individuals having been thrown on its wild shores, where many perished; while others were more fortunate in reaching some European settlements, after encountering all the hardships incident to wandering on a wild and uninhabited coast.

Towards filling up this chasm, which the discoveries in Africa have left to be supplied in its south-eastern quarter, two works have recently been published. One of them, (whence the preceding illustrations have been copied,) consists of the *Travels and Adventures* of Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, who, in 1825, sailed with Lieutenant King from the Cape of Good Hope, on board the brig Mary, bound for the eastern coast of Africa. Mr. Isaacs' journal embraces a space of nearly seven years, being the period of his peregrination in the Zoolu and Fumos countries, besides a short visit to the Comoro Islands. These countries are, in many respects, of peculiar interest, Mr. Isaacs being somewhat sanguine that "the south-eastern coast of Africa, and the Bay of Natal in particular, will hereafter occupy some share of the consideration of mercantile men; and that the time is not far distant when the Government of Great Britain may view the advantages which the port of Natal offers for the extension of commercial enterprise; and that she may, on adverting to her Indian possessions, perceive how valuable an acquisition to her colonial dependencies such a position must be, from its being within the general course of her vessels bound to the eastern portion of her empire."

The Zoolus or Zoolas are a race of savages, in the slough of ignorance and barbarism, and dwelling in reed-roofed huts. Mr. Isaacs, however, thinks these people not deficient in capacity for acquiring knowledge, and that they are not destitute of acuteness and penetration. They seem to have none of the sullen, morose, atrocious vices of the inhuman warrior in their nature; they appear to have imbibed feelings as distinct as their

modes of life are opposite; for they are cheerful, sprightly, and, although prone to vice, are, nevertheless, sensible of kindness, and not backward in showing their gratitude.

Mr. Isaacs considers the Zoolu men to be the finest race of men which Southern or Eastern Africa can produce. They are tall, athletic, well-proportioned, and good-featured. They are cleanly and respectful. Their ruling passion is war, and their leading vice, a thirst for blood. They are very violent, but their passion soon subsides, while their rancour softens into friendship; and they are extremely generous to each other. They endure great fatigue in war and in the chase, and their agility is surprising. Dancing and singing are the chief amusements of males and females. The latter usually sing:—"Their songs of war, both in their note and the gestures of the singer, are calculated to strike their enemy with awe, as they avowedly did us with terror: they were indescribably ferocious, and indicated a savage eagerness for slaughter. They have nothing to do with the domestic duties of their families, their sole occupation being to attend the king on all public amusements, and to accompany the warriors to battle in the capacity of servants or attendants; as well as to proceed on all occasions, when his majesty commands, to hunt the elephant. They occasionally amuse themselves in making wooden spoons, fabricating earthen vessels of various descriptions, for the culinary purposes of their females, and in making musical instruments."

The men are allowed wives *ad libitum*: their number depends upon their means of purchasing them; their value is in their age, the highest price seldom exceeding ten cows. They cannot dispose of them again by sale, but may dismiss them if they become refractory; this is, however, seldom resorted to, for the most trifling offences are punished with death.

"The females are generally of a middle stature, and rather prepossessing than otherwise, their figures inclining to be somewhat graceful, and their features pleasing and regular. The stoutest are considered among themselves the handsomest, and are generally more admired by the males; although to Europeans they do not appear so engaging. They are exceedingly generous to strangers.

"The women have their heads shaved like the men, and leave a tuft on the crown of a similar shape. This they cover with red clay mixed with grease; the hair is then formed into round knobs, so as to imitate beads, and which they take great pains in keeping in order. They assist each other in decorating their heads every afternoon; it is a favourite occupation, and done under some umbrageous tree.

"The females perform all the manual labour required in planting the land and gathering the crops: the men do nothing of this; and the boys only clear it of bushes and trees, and get it in a fit state for culture. Every thing relating to husbandry is performed by them; they are, in fact, the only labourers.

"The Zoolus are, doubtless, the most extraordinary people in existence, if we look into all their peculiarities of character, and it is difficult to determine whether we should pity their ignorance, or guard against their duplicity; for although they are proverbially in a state of simplicity, yet there is a cunning about them, and irrevocable desire for indulging in all their savage propensities, that makes it quite necessary, in their present condition, to be on the watch against their designs. But they do not want acuteness to aid their improvement; they only require example, and such examples as they may be able to follow without tuition, or any immoderate labour.

"The colour of the Zoolus is a dark brown, approaching to a copper complexion, and much in appearance to the Sambo of the British colonies, or the produce between the Black and the Mulatto. Their skin always appears quite shining from their anointing it so frequently."

The poor Zoolus have no idea of a Supreme Being, or any definite notions of a future state; but they have some superstitious belief in the existence of a spirit of their forefathers, who, they fancy, dwells in a sort of Mahomedan paradise underground.

The Zoolu form of government is despotic; the king's nod being law. Of Chaka, the reigning monarch when Mr. Isaacs first visited Zoolu, the annexed is a whole-length portrait. Of his introduction to the sovereign, Lieutenant King gives the following interesting particulars:—

"On the eighth day, after having travelled about 135 miles through a most picturesque country, and crossed several rivers, we arrived at the summit of a mountain, from which the view was particularly grand and imposing. We could distinguish the king's residence and numerous other kraals, on an extensive plain, encompassed by a chain of hills. Shortly afterwards, we came to a brook, where we refreshed, and put ourselves in proper apparel to meet the king. At about eight at night, we arrived at the entrance of his kraal, and were soon admitted. Afterwards we were taken to his private residence, and gave the customary salute of the nation, which, not being answered, was repeated. A domestic now informed us, that the king was holding an *on-daba*, (a council,) with his warriors: we then proceeded in order, and soon discovered his majesty and his court, surrounded by large fires. We

stood for a few minutes, while the chief who accompanied us addressed the king relative to our mission; after this we were desired to advance, presented our presents, and seated ourselves on the ground, about six paces from him. During this interview his discourse was principally on war, owing to his enemies being at hand. However, he soon permitted us to retire to the huts which had been prepared for us. He shortly afterwards dismissed his people, and retired to his private kraal; we then received a message, requesting we would wait upon him there. Here our reception was very different from the former; he now cast off his stern look, became good-humoured, and conversed with us through our interpreters on various subjects. A large basket of boiled beef and several earthen pots of milk were ordered to be placed before us, of which we ate heartily. After this entertainment, we expressed a wish to retire, on account of being much fatigued, to which he very readily assented. The following day, we again waited upon him, and found him seated upon his mat, haranguing his people. We immediately withdrew, and having rambled about the greater part of this day, in the evening, were highly entertained by his warriors singing war and other songs. At the king's request, we fired a train of powder, to show its effects; and, after several other entertainments, he retired, expressing himself much pleased.

"Next evening, at the request of the king, we joined in their amusements, and could not ourselves avoid singing: we commenced with 'God save the King.' On our explaining its literal meaning, Chaka was highly pleased: in fact, there was nothing but good humour to be observed in the countenances of every one present. The party broke up at a late hour; and, as is usual, in the morning, we paid the king an early visit. We now expressed a wish to see him in his wardrobe; he immediately retired, and in a short time returned attired: his dress consists of monkeys' skins, in three folds from his waist to the knee, from which two white cows' tails are suspended, as well as from each arm; round his head is a neat band of fur stuffed, in front of which is placed a tall feather, and on each side a variegated plume. He advanced with his shield, an oval about four feet in length, and an *umkonto*, or spear, when his warriors commenced a war-song, and he began his manoeuvres. Chaka is about thirty-eight years of age, upwards of six feet in height, and well-proportioned. He is allowed to be the best pedestrian in the country, and, in fact, during his wonderful exercises this day, he exhibited the most astonishing activity. On this occasion, he displayed a part of the handsomest beads of our present.

"The day having arrived for our departure, Chaka made us a present of 107 head of cattle; we then took our leave, with a promise of returning as early as possible."

The second portrait is that of a female inyanger, prophetess, or doctress; these terms being synonymous among the natives. Of this person, Mr. Isaacs relates that she attributed to witchcraft some prevailing sickness among the Zoolus, and pretended to find out the Umtugartie, or witch, who had caused it. She undertook to convince Mr. Isaacs of the fact; and allowed him to be present when she dug from the huts the pernicious roots that were destroying the people. Mr. Isaacs first gave her a cow for a sacrifice, but, in the spirit of mammon, she wanted a larger one; and, upon being importuned to commence the ceremony, informed the applicant, "that the Spirit would not permit her to move on, unless something more was given to her." Her demand was complied with by the chief sending her some beads. The prophetess then made her entry into the place appointed for the ceremony, followed by forty natives, armed with shields and spears, and marching solemnly in procession. The person of the prophetess was very striking: her head was partly shaved; her hair was thick, and besmeared with fat and charcoal; one eyelid was painted red, and the other black; her nose was blackened; and she bore in her hand a long wand. Mr. Isaacs details the ceremony with more minuteness than we can follow: after raising the expectations of the people almost to frenzy, she said that "it would be offending the Spirit to attempt digging up the roots that were destroying the kraal, unless she received another cow." Mr. Isaacs consented, conditionally, to give another; but fortunately, he, in the end, convinced the people of the imposition, and the poor prophetess and her attendants made their escape during the uproar which her frauds had excited. Meanwhile, our traveller and his party severely castigated the prophetess' forty attendants, and drove them in all directions with great panic. Mr. Isaacs then told the people that whenever sickness happened among them, he and his friends were the proper persons to whom they ought to apply for relief; and they commanded the natives not to entertain so absurd an idea as that of the power of witchcraft.

To these few outlines of the character of the Zoolus, it may be interesting to add, that Mr. Isaacs considers the country as most inviting to settlers. The soil and climate are congenial to vegetation: extremes of heat and cold are rarely known, the temperature varying between 60 and 80 degrees. Pumpkins and water-melons grow spontaneously, and wild fruits are abundant; and the sugar-cane is thought to be indigenous.

All the European seeds which Mr. Isaacs tried, grew luxuriantly. The chief articles of commerce are ivory, gold-dust, gum arabic, and copal, tortoiseshell, hides, pearls, coral, and marble: indigo, cotton, and silk might also be produced, as well as sugar. In trading, no coin is needed; for the Zoolus cannot comprehend the use of money: English goods are alone required in barter—cotton and woollen stuffs, beads, hardware, earthenware, looking-glasses, checked shirts, coloured handkerchiefs, &c. Mr. Isaacs remarks that the contiguity of the Port of Natal to the Mozambique, to Madagascar, and the Comoro and other Islands, renders it advantageous as the site of a commercial factory for coast-trading, for which purpose the King of the Zoolus would not, it is presumed, dispute the possession of the coast by Europeans, as he is favourable to them generally, and anxious to preserve a friendly relation with the British authorities at the Cape; he having already made grants of territory to individual white men.

LOST ARTS.

KIA-TSING.

(To the Editor.)

In a recent number of the *Mirror*, containing my paper on "Lost Arts," I mentioned the Kia-ting, or pressed azure porcelain of the Chinese, then sincerely believing, from the words of the account whence I transcribed it, that the art of manufacturing such had fallen into total desuetude. Since writing an article, the items of which were derived from various sources, at various times, vol. xxvi. of Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* has been put into my hands, and in the very interesting account it gives of the "Porcelain and Glass Manufacture," I find, p. 117, the following correction of my unwitting error respecting Kia-ting:—

"Another kind of porcelain, much esteemed by the Chinese, is called by them Kia-ting, which signifies pressed azure. In vessels of this description the colours appear only when the cups are filled with liquid. The manner of making porcelain, so as to produce this effect, is as follows:—The cup is made very thin, and after having been once baked, the colours are applied in the required forms on its inner surface. When dry, a coating of porcelain earth, the same as that already composing the cup, must be laid on the inside; over this, the usual varnish is laid, so that the coloured figures are inclosed between two coats, or bodies of the ware. The outside, already very thin, is then ground down almost to the painted figures, which are thus made to appear externally, when they must be covered anew with a coat of varnish so as to be scarcely perceptible from the outside, until the vessel being filled with liquid, this acts as a kind of foil behind, and throws out

the figures which before were obscured. So much carefulness is called for in the production of *kia-tsing*, that the art is very seldom practised."

This, perhaps, accounts for the error of Daun and others, who believed the art by-gone,—of making *kia-tsing*. Surely, something resembling it has been attempted in certain ornamental lamps, the paintings on the shades of which, (composed, I believe, of Reaumur's porcelain,) are not visible, until lighted up from within. I regret exceedingly that I did not see, prior to publishing my paper in your work, the amusing and useful volume from which I have made my extract; it would have prevented error, and supplied me, I believe, with a few additional notices of arts, degenerated, or lost: as it is, I can merely refer such of your readers to the book itself, who feel curiosity respecting the manufacture of porcelain and glass, and promise them entertainment. M. L. B.

The Sketch-Book.

THE GOLD SNUFF-BOX.*

It was the spring before my father's death. A vacation was at hand, and for some college irregularities, I had been deprived of my chambers as a punishment, and turned upon the town to shift as I best could. I fixed myself at the Wexford Hotel for the short time I intended remaining in Dublin, and there formed my first acquaintance with Colonel B— and Lieutenant K—, both of the — Militia.

They arrived at "The Wexford" late one evening from Naas, where the regiment was then quartered, and were on their route to visit, on private business, "the realms beyond the Shannon."

I was alone in the parlour when the strangers arrived. They cast a wistful eye at a choice haddock, then in the very act of being served up as exordium to the dinner. The waiter in a whisper assured the belated travellers, that he was convinced the young gentleman, meaning me, would share his fish and table-cloth. The request was very politely made, very politely granted, and down we sat, as if we had been bosom friends for a twelvemonth.

The colonel was an overgrown bombard— a vessel full charged with good humour and old port. He said odd things, and did them too. The subaltern was a squab-built, snub-nosed, strange sort of merry fellow, having a rich brogue and racy wit; and while the corpulent commander believed that he was hoaxing the short lieutenant, the short lieutenant, all the while, was playing the

deuce with the corpulent commander. No two persons were ever better constructed to elicit reciprocal amusement; and they were, though opposites in every thing, as necessary to each other, as "sheath to sword."

But there was a circumstance that united the strangers and myself directly. My friend, Lord L—, had just got a majority in the colonel's regiment; and the said colonel and his companion were going that very night to a ball at the dowager's, who then lived in Rutland-square.

We finished a formidable portion of Page's† best, retired to dress, and afterwards set off in a hackney-coach to the scene of our evening's amusement. I was three-deep in dancing engagements, and my first partner was already in the room; of course I separated from my companions directly, of whom, however, I caught a distant glance, as they were formally presented to his aunt, by Lord L—.

It was a crowded ball. I was dancing busily, and how my companions employed themselves, never occasioned me a thought. At last, supper was whispered to be on the tapis. Miss Carden and I—she was then a very pretty girl—had quietly slipped away from the set, to be in readiness for the crush, when we stumbled upon a snug whist table, in an unfrequented corner; and there I discovered my gallant friends actively engaged.

The unhappy men were partners. They had, moreover, been delivered into the hands of the dowager and Mrs. P—, an antiquated commoner. Both ladies were notorious for extraordinary luck, and a fortunate arrangement of always cutting together. It was further believed, that both were given to the good, old rule of winning, honestly if they could—but winning.

It was evident at first sight that the soldiers were no match for the gentlewomen. The rubber game was on the point of being decided just as we reached the table—the soldiers had it by honours, but, by a bare-faced revoke, that would have been detected by any but the buzzards they were playing with, the ladies gained the point required, and had their claim allowed.—"Supper is served," said Mrs. P., with a satisfactory grin; "had we not better stop, Lady L—?" —The gentlemen simultaneously popped their hands into the pockets of their netter garments.—"In how much have I the honour to be your Ladyship's debtor?" inquired the Colonel, with a gracious smile. Mrs. P— instantly mumbled, with the rapidity of a bar-maid, "Ten points—three rubbers—only nine guineas." —The colonel started and stared.—"Nine devils—I mean, guineas!" exclaimed the sub., in awful consternation. But the decree had gone forth.—"They never

* Somewhat abridged from the Wild Sports of the West; by the clever Author of Stories of Waterloo.

† A celebrated wine-merchant, some thirty years ago.

played higher—deep play was detestable.”—The money was accordingly doled out, and I observed that the contents of the lieutenant’s purse, after rendering this sweeping subsidy, were reduced to a solitary guinea.

At this moment, the supper-rooms were thrown open, and away went the crowd. The dowagers were left to scramble up their winnings, and the soldiers, I presume, to excrete their own bad luck. Miss Carden and I, who witnessed the impudent revoke perpetrated by Mrs. P——, and passed over by my Lady L——, mutually decided, that, in common justice, both ladies should have been consigned for a month to the house of correction.

Supper, as all suppers have done, ended. I placed my handsome partner in her mother’s carriage, and was then depositing myself in a hackney-coach, when I espied my military friends upon the steps, hailed them immediately, and embarking in the same vehicle, we were duly landed at “The Wexford.”

“Waiter!” cried the colonel, in a voice of thunder, “some brandy and red-hot water. I wore my thin tights, for the first time these six months,” addressing me, “and, by Saint Patrick! my limbs are icicles. I drank two glasses of execrable Tenerife; and, God knows, one would be a sufficient dose of poison for a gouty man like me. Arrah! waiter! have you it in the house? If you have not, say so, and I’ll run out and save my life at the next tavern.”—But the waiter was prompt, and the house honest. Up came the brandy and materials; and the colonel, relieved from the anticipated attack in his stomach, “breathed again.”

I looked at my unfortunate friends, and never did men bear their misfortunes so differently. While the subaltern was in a phrensy, the commander was calm as a philosopher.

“Well, if the devil had his own,” exclaimed the irritated lieutenant, “my Lady L—— would fry.”

“Rowland!” said the Colonel solemnly, “what the deuce tempted you to play? You don’t understand the game, and I often told you so.”

“But,” said I, interrupting him, “the rubber was yours. Mrs. P—— made a scandalous revoke. How could it escape your observation? The young lady, who was leaning on my arm, was horrified at such barefaced cheating.”

“I remarked it,” said the lieutenant, “but I was ashamed to speak. I thought we were playing half-crown points!”

“I wish I had seen it,” said the colonel. “Ah! Rowly, you’re no wizard.”

“Well, no matter; I have suffered enough,” said the subaltern testily.—“If I have a rap left, after the swindling jades,

but one solitary guinea to carry me to Con-nemara!”

“Pshaw! beg, man, beg! You have a face for any thing. I wonder how I stand upon the night’s play.”

“Nine guineas *minus*,” said the subaltern, “unless you managed to fob off a light piece, or pass a counterfeit.”

“That would be impossible,” remarked the colonel, “for though the crush was desperate, and I thought, and wished that the table would be overturned, the dowager thumbed every guinea over as if she had played with a pickpocket. It was just then that I managed to secure a keepsake,” and he produced a huge snuff-box of fine gold and antique workmanship from his side-pocket. I stared with wonder, while the subaltern ejaculated, “What a chance! Ah, colonel, you are the jewel! The box will pay our losses beautifully.”

“I beg to be excused from a co-partnership,” said the colonel, dryly.—“Rowly, you might have stolen for yourself. I saw a pair of gold-mounted spectacles upon the table, and a *vinaigrette*, of excellent device, lay beside you. No, no, Rowly, rob for yourself.”

“And,” said I, “my dear colonel, might I ask what may be the ultimate design which you harbour against the dowager’s snuff-box?”

“Why, faith, my young friend, my plans are simple enough. I’ll give you and that *ommadawn*,”* pointing to his lieutenant, “an early dinner, and bring you to the play afterwards. Well, it will be tolerably dark by that time. We’ll pass St. Andrew’s church—call next door—and get a worthy man who lives convenient, and who is very liberal in lending money to any body who leaves sufficient security behind him,—well, we’ll get him, in short, to take the box at his own valuation.”

“And if it should be discovered?”

“Oh! little fear of that. No, my friend, before you and I are in the boxes, this box will be in the melting-pot. This man is a considerate and conscientious dealer. No, no, all’s safe with him.”

We parted for the night. At noon, next day, we met at breakfast. I, although pretty conversant in odd adventures and mad freaks, was dying to see the conclusion of the snuff-box affair. We, of Trinity, often touched upon street-robbery in poles and rattles; and, as far as public property went, were nowise scrupulous. I had once achieved a petty larceny, by running off with a pineapple from a fruiterer’s, for which, however, I had the grace to send payment in the morning. Still, the colonel’s *coup* was so superior to all this, that I was as much interested in the *dénouement*, as if I had

* Anglick, an idiot.

been a principal concerned. At the appointed hour, we regularly met in Dawson-street. Our host gave us the best dinner in Morrison's *carré*, and we had champagne, liqueurs, and a superabundant supply of the primest claret in the cellar.

Pending dinner, the parties made an amicable arrangement touching the disposition of the booty. The field-officer was to share the surplus produce over the payment of the tavern bill; and the subaltern was to be the vendor of the spoil.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we left Morrison's, and directed our course to the civil gentleman who lent money on good security. We entered an outer hall, and thence advanced into one encompassed by a tier of compartments, like confession-boxes. Rowly stepped into a vacant stall, and we stood close behind, to aid, comfort, and counsel."

[The box is sold and broken up; the proceeds, fifteen pounds, being appropriated as proposed.]

About six months afterwards, when passing through the city, after my father's death, I met Lord L——, and he received me with his customary kindness.—"You must dine with me to-day," he said. I pointed to my mourning coat.—"Oh! you must come—the very place for one wishing to avoid the world. Since you left Dublin, my poor aunt has undergone such a change!—an infernal gang have got round her entirely; and she, who once only lived for whist, cannot be persuaded to touch a card."—I smiled as I recollected our last visit to the Square, and promised to be punctual.

I arrived some time before Lord L——, and found the dowager and my fat friend, the colonel, *tête-à-tête*. The old lady resumed the conversation which my *entrée* had suspended:—

"And you are six months absent, colonel!—Protect me! how time passes! it should be a lesson—a tacit monitor, as Mr. Hitchcock happily expresses it. Well, there was a carnal-minded, noisy crowd here; and I remember you lost three rubbers. How such vain imaginations will push aside the better seeds! Your partner was a well-meaning gentleman, but never returned a lead. Oh, me! that these vanities should be remembered! That very night, colonel, I met with a serious, I may say distressing, loss. My cousin General Pillau's Indian snuff-box was stolen! I suspected—but judge not, as Mr. Heavyside said at the chapel yesterday. It was in my partner's hand the last time I ever saw it: the rush to supper came; she—but we must be charitable. But here's my nephew—O that he was awake to Gospel truth! Well, my dear George, what news since?"

"None, madam; only that your old

friend's over—dead as Julius Cæsar. Mother P—— will never cut another honour!"

"Oh! George, do stop—for once be serious. Mrs. P—— dead! and, I fear, not prepared. Ah, me! poor Mrs. P——! Many a rubber she and I have played—she knew my system so well—finessed a *leotie* too much—but where am I running?—Well, I hope she was prepared—but she stole the general's box!"—"Pshaw! if she stole snuff-boxes, she'll fry for it now," said the colonel, taking share in the lament:—"I hope, madam, it was merely a pretty toy, something not valuable."—"A toy! my dear sir; fine, pale gold—invaluable for weight, age, and workmanship. Had you ever held it in your hand, you would never have forgotten it."—"Faith! and likely enough, my lady."—"George, love, if you would just speak to the executor. Put it on the score of a mistake."—"I speak! madam, do you want to have me shot?"—"No, no, it's useless. Her nephew is an attorney. 'Do men gather grapes?' as Mr. Heavyside says."—"Hang Heavyside!" exclaimed the peer, "I must go see about some wine;" and he left the room.

The old lady recommenced with a groan.—"What a memory Mrs. P—— had! she would remember cards through a rubber, and never omitted marking in her life. She took the general's box; she had always a fancy for quick-knackeries, and wore ornaments very unsuitable to her years—forgetting the lilies of the valley. I wish Miss Clarke was here, a worthy, comely, young woman, colonel, recommended to me as a spiritual assistant by Mr. Wagstaff, of the Bethesda. My nephew can't bear her, because she was bred a dress-maker, and a vile, dragoon officer told him some story to her disadvantage. Oh, colonel, I wish George was awakened—you go to church regularly?"

"I cannot assert that I do regularly—not that I see any harm in it."

"Very prettily remarked, colonel; and you often, no doubt, reflect upon the place you're going to?"

"Yes, indeed, madam; one must join one's regiment sooner or later."

"Ah! colonel, I wish George had your serious turn; and, between ourselves, he is by no means a safe whist-player. His game is very dangerous. Ah! if I could have had Mr. Wagstaff to meet you; but my nephew's prejudice is so violent. He is a sweet, spiritual-minded, young man—comes often to sit an evening with me; and he is so obliging!—takes Miss Clarke home at midnight, to save me the expense of coach-hire, although she lives beyond the lamps. Poor Mrs. P——! I wonder who will get her card-counters. They were superb. Well, she stole the box, however; but, as the inspired psalmist, I mean pen-

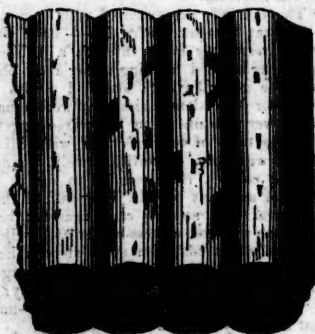
man says—Ah, me! I have no memory; I wish Miss Clarke was here. Well, George, any appearance of dinner?"—"So says the butler, madam, and here he comes."

"Colonel, take down my aunt;" and thus ended Lady L——'s lamentations over sin, snuff-boxes, and Mrs. P——.

The Naturalist.

ORIGIN OF COAL.

THAT the origin of coal has been satisfactorily traced to plants, the philosophical records of every year furnish abundant evidence. The annexed specimens represent two vegetable fossils from the little coal mine, Clifton, near Manchester, where they were found in the year 1829. The first has the appearance of a kind of rush laid side by side, and extends to about five feet in length, and about two feet in width: it generally is about an inch in depth, and contains three layers, both sides being similarly marked. The other is simply marked upon a thin seam of coal; for, if the coal be taken from off the metal, no part of the impression remains.



(Vegetable Fossil from a Coal Mine.)

Dr. Buckland, in his *Bridgewater Treatise, Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology*, (just published,) ends his account of plants to which he has traced the origin of coal, [with the following eloquent summary view of the various changes and processes in art and industry, through which we can follow the progress of this curious and important vegetable production.

"Few persons are aware of the remote and wonderful events in the economy of our planet, and of the complicated applications of human industry and science, which are involved in the production of the coal that supplies with fuel the metropolis of England. The most early stage to which we can carry back its origin, was among the swamps and forests of the primeval earth, where it flourished



(Vegetable Fossil from a Coal Mine.)

in the form of gigantic calamites and stately lepidodendra and sigillariae. From their native bed these plants were torn away by the storms and inundations of a hot and humid climate, and transported into some adjacent lake, or estuary, or sea. Here they floated on the waters until they sank saturated to the bottom; and being buried in the detritus of adjacent lands, became transferred to a new estate among the members of the mineral kingdom. A long interment followed, during which a course of chemical changes and new combinations of their vegetable elements have converted them to the mineral condition of coal. By the elevating force of subterranean fires, these beds of coal have been uplifted from beneath the waters to a new position in the hills and mountains where they are accessible to the industry of man. From this fourth stage in its adventures, our coal has again been moved by the labours of the miner, assisted by the arts and sciences, that have co-operated to produce the steam-engine and the safety-lamp. Returned once more to the light of day, and a second time committed to the waters, it has, by the aid of navigation, been conveyed to the scene of its next and most considerable change by fire; a change during which it becomes subservient to the most important wants and conveniences of man. In this seventh stage of its long eventful history it seems to the vulgar eye to undergo annihilation: its elements are indeed released from the mineral combinations they have maintained for ages, but their apparent destruction is only the commencement of new successions of change and of activity. Set free from their long imprisonment, they return to their native atmosphere, from which they were absorbed to take part in the primeval vegetation of the earth. To-morrow they may contribute to the substance of timber in the trees of our exist-

ing forests; and having for awhile resumed their place in the living vegetable kingdom, may, ere long, be applied a second time to the use and benefit of man. And when decay or fire shall once more consign them to the earth or to the atmosphere, the same elements will enter on some further department of their perpetual ministration in the economy of the material world."

ON THE LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

(Concluded from page 198.)

Deilephila Euphorbia "sometimes remains," says Curtis, "in its pupa state two seasons, as do many of the lepidoptera—a wise provision of nature, to prevent any accident from destroying the whole brood."—(*British Entomology*, i., 3.)

Haworth says he once saw a specimen of the privet hawk-moth, (*Sphinx ligustri*), which had lain in the pupa state three years.—*Lepidoptera Britannica*.

A flea, (*Pulex irritans*), it is said, if confined and well-fed, will live six years; but Rennie thinks this to be "so very anomalous as to be quite incredible."—(*Insect Miscellanies*, p. 319.) At the meeting of the Ashmolean Society, March 4, 1836, Dr. Buckland stated that on opening some boxes, which had been packed at Naples three years before, he had found inside great numbers of fleas in full activity.

Benjamin Franklin, in his *Observations on Life and Death*, mentions an instance of his having revived, by exposure to the sun, three flies that were drowned in Madeira wine, "apparently about the time it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent to London."

Arachnida.—Two spiders are said to have been observed to live for thirteen years.—(*Jesse's Gleanings*, 3rd series, p. 54.)

Mollusca.—Dr. Fleming states, that if any of the land testacea, as *Helix hortensis*, *H. nemoralis*, or *H. arbutorum*, be placed in a box without food, they will form a thin operculum, attach themselves to the side of the box, and remain for several years in a dormant state, from which they may be awakened by the application of moisture.—(*Philosophy of Zoology*, ii., 77.) Mr. Lyell says, that Lieutenant Graves, having brought from Valparaiso four specimens of a large species of *Bulinus*, which were packed up in a box, and enveloped in cotton—two for a space of one year and a month, one for seventeen, and the other for upwards of twenty months—they revived in London on being exposed, by Mr. Broderip, to the warmth of a fire, and provided with tepid water and leaves. Mr. Lyell adds that, at the time of his writing, they were living in Messrs. Loddige's palm-house.—(*Principles of Geology*, ii., 109.) A snail living in a torpid state for more than a year, is mentioned in the *Field Naturalist's Magazine*, (i., 280.) Dr. Eliotson notes

his having kept a garden-snail alive, in a torpid state, in a dry closet, for a year and a half.—(*Blumenbach's Physiology*, p. 183.) Bingley states, that Dr. Stuckey Simon, of Dublin, kept some snails alive in a torpid state for fifteen years. Professor Eaton, of New York, says that some workmen, in cutting through a ridge of compact gravel, near Rome village, sixteen miles west of Utica, discovered several living mollusca, chiefly of the species *Mya cariosa* and *M. purpurea*, at the depth of forty-two feet in the diluvial deposit. "These animals must have been there from the time of the Deluge; for the earth in which they were is too compact for them to have been produced by a succession of generations. These fresh-water clams precisely resemble the same species which now inhabit the fresh waters of that district; therefore, the lives of these animals have been greatly prolonged by their exclusion from air and light for more than three thousand years."—(*Silliman's American Journal*.)

Two live muscles are stated to have been discovered at the bottom of a deep well, (at Organ, in France,) which had been filled up for one hundred and fifty years.—(*Mag. Nat. Hist.*, vi., 458.)

Animalcula.—"According to Spallanzani, animalculæ have been recovered by moisture after a torpor of twenty-seven years.—(*Macnish's Philosophy of Sleep*.)

"Mr. Bauer has restored the *Fibrio tritici*, (a species of worm,) after perfect torpidity and apparent death for five years and eight months, by merely soaking it in water."—(*Ibid.*)

To conclude, I hope that if any of my readers are in possession of any instances of the longevities of animals, and which I have not here laid before them, they will not fail, for the benefit of science, to give them publicity.

JAMES FENNELL.

The Public Journals.

PERILOUS VOYAGE ON THE AMAZON.

THERE is a traveller, by the route of the Amazon river, and a female too, the story of whose adventures and miraculous preservation is most extraordinary and romantic: and we shall not hesitate to give a concise sketch of it, as we believe it will be new to almost every English reader.* This lady was the wife of M. Godin des Odonais, the associate of Bouger and Condamine, in their operations of measuring a degree of the meridian, near the equator, in Peru. Family affairs having suddenly called M. Godin to Cayenne, his lady remained at Riobombo, in Peru, to take care of the property till his return. For many

* It is narrated in a letter written by the husband of the lady to M. de la Condamine, at his particular request, and printed in an edition of his "Relation d'un Voyage," &c. published at Maastricht.

years; however, he applied in vain for passports from the Portuguese government:—such, indeed, was the jealousy existing at that time between the two crowns of Spain and Portugal, that it was not until he obtained, at the end of fifteen years, the intercession of the French minister, that the latter power was prevailed on to allow him to return to Quito by the route of the Amazon. It at length, however, granted him, apparently in a liberal spirit, an armed vessel to take him up the Amazon; but just at this time falling dangerously ill, he commissioned a person whom he thought trustworthy, to proceed in the vessel with a packet of letters for Madame Godin, acquainting her with the circumstances of the case, and desiring her to join him at Cayenne. The fellow, instead of proceeding to Quito, betrayed his trust, followed his own private affairs, turned over the packet to a reverend father Jesuit going to Quito, who gave it to another father Jesuit, who handed it over to a third—so that it never reached its owner.

Madame Godin, meanwhile, heard rumours of what was intended for her, and resolved at once to send a faithful negro in search of the man to whom the packet of letters had been originally intrusted. He found him, at a place on the river, trafficking on his own account. Having ascertained the fact, and that the Portuguese vessel was waiting at Tabatinga, the Portuguese frontier on the Amazon, she resolved at once to set out, attended by her two brothers and a nephew about ten years old, three female domestics, *mestees* or Indians, and a young student of medicine. She also took with her a French physician and his companion:—these were added to the party at the request of her brothers, who thought they might be useful on so long a journey, but the arrangement was inflicting the main cause of all her misfortunes. The first proceeding was to cross the Cordillera, and on arriving at Canelos, they embarked on the Borbonica which falls into the Pastaza, as this does into the Amazon. The small-pox having visited Canelos, the whole population had fled, with the exception of two Indians, who undertook to navigate their canoe down the river;—but on the third morning they too had disappeared. The party, however, resolved to proceed, and the first day passed over without accident. On the second, they fell in with an Indian in a hovel made of branches, just recovering from a fit of illness, who consented to go with them, and to steer the canoe. On the third day, while trying to pick up the hat of the French doctor, the poor Indian followed the hat overboard and was drowned. The canoe, deprived of its helmsman, soon became unmanageable and was swamped, but the river being narrow, the party all got on shore. Being only five or six days from Andoas, the

Frenchman and his companion determined to make their way by land to that place, promising most faithfully that, in the course of a fortnight at farthest, a boat properly manned should be sent to bring the rest thither. Five-and-twenty days, however, having passed away without any tidings of release, they set about constructing a raft in the best manner they could—placed themselves, their effects, and what provisions had been saved from the canoe, upon it, and launched into the stream. The raft, being carried down it at random, soon struck against a sunken tree, upset, and all their goods went to the bottom, themselves escaping with difficulty. Madame Godin twice sunk, but was saved by the exertions of her brothers.

Their whole property, with every article of provisions, being destroyed by this accident, nothing now remained for them but to traverse on foot the bank of the river, in the hope of reaching the missionary station of Andoas. The long coarse grass, the thick shrubbery, and the multitude of creeping plants greatly impeding their progress and the banks, moreover, winding so as much to prolong the journey, they determined to strike into the wood, in the hope of thereby shortening the distance; but in this attempt they were soon completely bewildered. Excessively fatigued from forcing their way through a thick forest, barely pervious even to its natives, their feet torn by briars and thorns, no sustenance remaining, oppressed by hunger and thirst, their only resource consisted in some seeds, wild fruits, and the palm-cabbage. At length, utterly worn out and exhausted, the lady's companions laid themselves down on the ground, from whence they were doomed never to rise again. "There," says M. Godin, "they were destined to wait for their last moments; and in the course of three or four days the men all expired, one after the other." Madame Godin, stretched by the side of the dead bodies of her brothers and servants, remained eight-and-forty hours in a state of stupor and delirium. At length a merciful Providence, which decreed her preservation, gave her courage and strength to crawl along, and to seek for that safety which awaited her. She was almost naked; her clothes, torn in tatters by the thorns and briars, scarcely afforded her any covering; she had cut the shoes from her dead brother's feet, and attached their soles to her own.

It was on the ninth or tenth day (uncertain which) after this only surviving sufferer had quitted the place where she had beheld her brothers and domestics breathe their last, that she succeeded in reaching once more the shore of the Barbonasa. M. Godin says, what may well be believed—"The remembrance of the long and horrible spectacle of which she had been the witness, the horror

of the solitude, increased by the darkness of the nights in the wilderness—the terror of death constantly before her eyes—a terror which every moment must have augmented—had made such an impression on her constitution, as to cause her hair to become grey." In traversing the woods she had happily fallen in with a few wild fruits, and some fresh eggs, apparently of a species of partridge, but, owing to the long privation of food, it was with the greatest difficulty she could swallow.

Arriving on the bank of the Barbonasa, she saw two Indians launching a canoe into the stream. She asked them to take her to Andoas; they readily consented, received her with great kindness and conducted her in safety to that village. Here a poor Indian woman gave her a cotton petticoat, which, with the sandals made from her poor brother's shoes, her husband says, "she preserves with great care—mournful tokens, rendered dear to me as they are to herself." Having reached Laguna, Madame Godin's unfortunate situation received every attention, and this was unabated throughout the remainder of her long voyage to Cayenne.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE DEMON OF THE MIST.
(*Abridged from Blackwood's Magazine.*)

LATE in the summer of the year 17—, the —th regiment of light infantry received orders to march from Dublin to a city in the north of Ireland, which was to be their headquarters for the ensuing year. The day after their arrival, the officers were assembled to learn what stations they were to occupy with detached parties in different districts of the country. At length, the decrees of fate were pronounced, and amongst others the following:—"Lieut. Howard and twenty-five men to be quartered in —, at the foot of Craig-us-shiook mountain."

At the time which this narrative treats of, the frauds practised upon Government, in the shape of illicit distillation, existed in Ireland to an almost incredible extent; and, though carried on to the very height of audacity no effectual measures had as yet been taken to check the increase of the evil. The Revenue Police, which has since been the means of reducing this contraband traffic to the precarious and desperate calling it now proves to its followers, had not then been organized; and it was, consequently, the disagreeable duty of the military to protect the gauger in his efforts to discover and apprehend such offenders. Howard, one day, received a notification from the gauger of the discovery of a private still within a few miles of his quarters, and a consequent requisition for his assistance in destroying this nuisance, and delivering the guilty parties over to justice.

Howard set forth the following morning

at the head of his party, in the direction indicated by the gauger's informant. When arrived at the miserable hovel pointed out as the spot where the illicit manufacture was carried on, he looked around him with mingled feelings of disgust and pity. Situated on the bleak, north-eastern side of a barren mountain, which from its summit down to the valley beneath, presented nothing but alternate ridges of crags, heath, loose stones, and black patches of burnt gorse, the cabin was only accessible by a kind of sheep-track, winding perilously around and across the jutting fragments of rock. It was constructed of merely a few sods, piled one upon another; the thatched roof, so full of holes, that the wind had free passage through the whole, wretched fabric, was propped up by a few, rickety, pine-trunks; and as for chimney, any one of the aforesaid holes in the roof might lay claim to the title, as the blue smoke found equal egress through all of them. A small patch of ground had once been inclosed round the hut, but seemed to be cropped with stones rather than potatoes; whilst a broken-down cart, a half-famished pig, screaming out for his breakfast, with a group of squalid, bare-legged children joining in the chorus, completed the desolate picture. The interior of the hut was divided by a partition, composed, like the outer walls, of piled turf, but reaching only about five feet from the ground. The furniture of the first room consisted of a wheelbarrow, turned upside down in a corner, to form a pigsty; two or three, clumsy, wooden stools; a substitute for a table, made out of the bottom of an old cart, and a kettle; the hearth was a broad slate-stone, with another placed upright at the back. In the inner compartment, which was almost dark, might be dimly discerned a miscellaneous heap of rags and old clothes in each corner, from one of which layers proceeded the hoarse, asthmatic cough of a poor, superannuated invalid, apparently doomed to pass the remainder of his days in this den of darkness and misery, every object in which was begrimed by the ever-brooding cloud of turf smoke, dense enough to suffocate any but a native. Besides the children and the sick man within, the only visible inmate of the cabin was an old woman, who sat, like a witch over her cauldron, moodily smoking her pipe at the fire, intent upon the boiling of a pan of potatoes. The old hag did not rise from her seat at the entrance of Howard and the soldiers, and but for an increased action of vehement puffing at her short, black pipe, she might have been supposed both blind and deaf; but when the Irish countryman who had acted as informant and guide slipped in at last behind the soldiers, her indifference, real or assumed, suddenly forsook her, and uttering a bitter impre-

cation, she rose, with a countenance of fury, and dashed her pipe to atoms on the hearth.—"In the name of the holy Mother of God," exclaimed she, turning to Howard, "what want ye frae the lone widow in her desolate cabin?—and you, ye black-faced villain, Daniel MacTaggart, remember the fate of ye'r father, an' tell me who silenced the tongue that spoke against his own people?"—The informer did not answer a word, but looked full at the old woman with a scowl of deadly hatred. She soon sank down, as if exhausted, and with her eye still stedfastly fixed upon MacTaggart, she continued—"But tak' ye'r wull, gentlemen, tak' ye'r wull, an' sarch the house through and through, for the God that's above knows there's little in it, but this last male for the child'ren."—So saying, she relapsed into gloomy silence, and seemed to regard with perfect apathy the preparations for a rigorous search immediately commenced by the soldiers. They ransacked every corner of the dilapidated dwelling, overturned, or rather restored to its natural position, the misplaced wheelbarrow; drove out the reluctant sow and her noisy litter; searched the straw, the rags, the bed of the invalid, and sounded the turf-stack, and the dunghill, but all in vain.

"Well, sir!" said Howard, turning to the informer, who, with his slouched hat half concealing his sinister countenance, was leaning very composedly against the wall with his arms folded—"A pretty dance you have led us for nothing, after all your boastings of the certainty of making a seizure in this very cabin!"—A sort of savage smile passed over the man's face as he slowly raised his finger and pointed. Howard's eyes followed in the direction indicated, and rested on the hearth-stone. There sat the old hag, whose eyes, still riveted with an expression of indescribable malignity on the informer, sparkled with such a fiendish glow in that uncertain light, that Howard felt his flesh creep, and almost involuntarily averted his gaze; but he looked again, and discovered the meaning of the sign. The old woman had risen with a strange alacrity, and swept away the burning turf; and in the centre of the hearth-stone a small orifice was now visible, with a piece of iron bent into it like a handle. MacTaggart coolly walked up to the stone, and slowly lifting it, with the assistance of the poker thrust through the handle, he pointed, without a word, to a rude ladder descending into a dark vault below. Howard looked down, it must be confessed, with something of a shudder, into the gloomy abyss, but, quickly rallying, he called, in a cheerful voice to his men,—"Come, my lads, we shall have some work here yet I see. Now show me how cleverly you'll ferret out the fox."—Then, with one foot on the ladder to lead the way, he turned

to MacTaggart—"You, my good fellow," said he, "will have the goodness to come down after us, and stay at the foot of the ladder, to watch this opening."—The informer hesitated, and looked as if he would fain have shrunk back, but seeing Howard's eyes begin to flash with suspicion and anger, he, at length, with a desperate effort, screwed up his courage, and prepared to follow the men. Most of the soldiers had reached the bottom, and were groping about, by the aid of the glimmering light from above. The last man was half way down, and MacTaggart a little above him, when suddenly was heard a fall, a crash—all became immersed in darkness, and the soldier, violently struck by some heavy body from above, was precipitated to the ground down eight or nine steps of the ladder. He was stunned for an instant, but soon recovered himself; and a breathless "what was that?" was ejaculated by the alarmed party, now involved in utter obscurity. A dreadful groan and gasp of agony arose as if from the earth, and the stoutest heart amongst them was thrilled at the sound. A moment afterwards, the trap-door above was again lifted, and on turning their eyes towards the re-appearing light, they beheld the haggard face and dishevelled, gray locks of the hideous, old woman, her fierce eyes glaring down upon them with an unearthly expression, whilst a wild grin of fiendish exultation lighted up her withered features. They remained for an instant transfixed and bewildered, when Howard suddenly called out, with a voice of horror, "Oh! God! secure her—she has murdered the guide!" Such was, indeed, the case—stretched at their feet lay the unfortunate wretch's body, bleeding profusely from an enormous fracture in the skull. The heavy stone from the back of the fireplace had been dropped upon his head as he was in the act of descending. All efforts to restore him were unavailing—it was his death-groan that had pierced their ears a few moments before. Howard now rushed up with some of the men, and secured the old woman who offered no resistance, but tossed her arms in the air with fearful laughter, or pointed down into the pit, uttering loud exclamations of diabolical triumph—her whole demeanour proving her to be a maniac.—"Ha! ha!" cried she, are you the man that was to see me and mine rotting in a gaol? Ye've seen ye'r last sight noo, I doubt! but I warned ye long ago that a black heart would win a bloody head, and there ye lie to prove it—ye mean rascal informer that ye were! Get up, noo, and gae and tell the magistrates that Geordie's still has been found in the mountain, and ye'll get ye a share of the profit may be ha! ha!"—They secured her firmly with cords, and leaving a guard at the top of the ladder, with orders to fire and

sound the alarm, should any one attempt a rescue from without, Howard redescended into the vault, and proceeded to explore its mysterious recesses, leading the way through a low, winding passage, lighted only by some chinks in the rock, its roof and walls expanding by degrees, and at length terminating in a spacious cavern.

At sight of this place, Howard perceived at once that he had made a very valuable discovery. The whole space was filled with distilling apparatus on an unusually extensive scale, and numerous kegs of the prepared spirit were lying about; but what seemed remarkably strange, was, that although the still was actually in full operation at the moment, not a trace of any human being was discoverable. This was the more unaccountable, as Howard knew that the process of distillation requires incessant and careful watching. The most rigid search through the cave terminated, however, with no further success than finding a man's hat of rather a peculiar shape under one of the rude benches. On examining it, Howard was startled to perceive that it had evidently been the regimental cap of a soldier, uncouthly altered and battered into a hat. He could even distinguish, half effaced upon a button, the number of the regiment which had preceded his own in this part of the country; and this circumstance seemed but too confirmatory of certain rumours he had heard, of some of the privates of that corps having more than once been missing, after their mountain expeditions. Keeping his thoughts, however, to himself, he merely placed the cap aside on an empty cask in a dark corner, intending to inspect it more narrowly by daylight; and having noticed a piece of paper sticking out of the lining, he thought it not impossible some clue might be afforded by it towards discovering the fate of its former possessor. In pursuance of his orders, the men proceeded to break up the whole apparatus, preparatory to its removal; and when they were ready to carry off their booty, Howard returned to the corner for the cap, when, marvellous to say, it had disappeared. Every man of the party was separately interrogated—not one had seen it since it was in Howard's hands. Every nook and cranny was again searched, but no cap could be found. The men, ready as they were to brave open danger, were evidently affected strangely by this mysterious circumstance; and Howard himself emerged from this den of horror, completely bewildered by the occurrences of the day—the dreadful deed he had witnessed, and the extraordinary disappearance of the cap, which he could not by any imaginable means account for. The party returned to their quarters in safety with their subterranean spoil, the dead body of the unfortunate guide, and their wretched, old

prisoner, whose incoherent ravings threw no light upon her associates, and whom they were obliged to transfer from a prison to a mad-house. The sick man and the children had escaped unnoticed, probably at the moment of their first descent into the vault; and all attempt at further discoveries proved for the time unavailing.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

LAST DAYS OF MADAME MALIBRAN DE BERRIOT.

[THE death of Malibran is too calamitous an event to every admirer of genius, and to every lover of music, sacred and secular, to be passed lightly. It will be our duty hereafter to assemble the most interesting facts of her brief but eventful life, and present them to the reader in a biographical form. In the meantime, we quote the following interesting account of the last days of this highly-gifted woman, from the *Morning Post*; recommended as it is by the excellent taste and feeling in which it is penned.]

It is our most painful office to impart to our readers that intelligence, from a source of the highest respectability, has reached us, that Madame Malibran died at Manchester, on Friday night (the 23rd ult.). To see a lady of such surpassing genius, in the very zenith of her age, beauty, and talent, and in the midst of her triumphs, expire so suddenly, will excite, no doubt, the deepest emotion in the whole country; so much the more so, as we have but too much reason to believe that she has fallen a sacrifice to her exertions to gratify the public whilst under the infliction of sufferings which would have kept any other woman confined to her room. On the first day of the Manchester festival, she struggled through her pain, and if at some moments her sufferings became unbearable to her hearers, at others, the imperiousness of her genius triumphed over the weakness of her frame, and every thought and reflection of her audience were absorbed by a feeling of intense astonishment and admiration. Nay, some of those who heard her are said to have found in her pealing melody a pathos even above what they had ever heard from her; as if, like the dying swan, she found at the approach of death thrilling notes she had not before. On concluding the last song allotted to her in the day's programme, by one strong and last effort she rose into the highest heaven of her voice, and poured out one of those extraordinary floods of sweet notes which have so often kept the charm-struck thousands in breathless admiration. After this, she fell down, and was immediately seized by a nervous paroxysm in which her shrieks were terrible; they reverberated through the hall, and harrowed up most painfully the feelings of those who the mo-

ment before she had thrown into an ecstasy of pleasurable sensation. She was immediately carried to her hotel, where Dr. Bardsley and other eminent medical men of the town attended her. She was bled, and took the medicines thought adapted to her disease. The next morning, feeling rather better, with her wonted courage she had herself carried once more to the Festival, but on her arrival she was taken with another of the fits we have already described. Brought home once more, the effect of her exertions, combined with a pregnancy of some months' existence, united to increase her malady so as to create the most grievous anxiety. But we cannot pursue these painful details. We have but one painful and all-absorbing feeling—the admirable Malibran is dead!

An unfortunate fatality seems to have attended Malibran's last days. She hurried from Paris to London and from London to Manchester, to fulfil her engagement at the Festival. She first went to the Royal Hotel; but, upon learning that Lablache, Ivanoff, Assandri, and Caradori Allan, were at the Moseley Arms, she removed to the latter hotel. Her excitement began here, for she was not at all satisfied with the pieces selected for her at the various performances. She attempted to change the programmes, but without success. Malibran was much vexed. In the evening, prior to the first day's performance at the Collegiate Church, she sang no less than fourteen pieces in her room at the hotel, amongst her Italian friends. De Beriot cautioned her against exerting herself, but Malibran was not to be easily checked in her career. This fatigue must have added to her already excitable nature. She was ill on Tuesday, but she insisted upon singing both morning and evening. On Wednesday her indisposition was still more evident, but she gave the last sacred composition she ever sang, "Sing ye to the Lord," with electrical effect; and on that evening, the 14th of September, her last notes in public were heard. It was in the duet with Caradori Allan, in Mercadante's "Vanne se alberghi in petto," from *Andreïna*. It is not a little curious that they sang this duet for the first time at Caradori Allan's benefit concert last season, and that the latter was dangerously ill for weeks afterwards. This time it was poor Malibran's turn, but with the most fatal result. Her exertions in the *encore* of this duet were tremendous, and the fearful shake at the top of the voice will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was a desperate struggle against sinking nature—it was the last vivid glare of the expiring lamp: she never sang afterwards. The house rang with animated cheering—hats and handkerchiefs were waving—but the victim of excitement, whilst the echoes were yet in her ears, sank exhaust-

ed after leaving the stage, and her vocal career was terminated. She was bled, removed home, and her agonising cries that night will not be erased from the memory of the writer of this article, who was within a short distance of the room in which she expired. She constantly ejaculated, "*Je m'étouffe, O, mon cher ami!*"

Thus died Malibran, at the early age of twenty-eight years. Of her qualifications as an actress and a singer it is now distressing to write, for we may never see her like again. Malibran was both a vocalist and an actress of impulse. It was in the extraordinary bursts that she evinced her commanding power. It was truly observed of her by Lablache that "*son grand esprit est trop fort pour son petit corps.*" She never calculated that her exertions could endure for any length of time. She used to observe that when she had accumulated the sum of 40,000*l.* she would retire, and to reach that maximum she set apart and invested three-fourths of her dearly-bought earnings. She was the Keen of the operatic stage. The daring flights of her vocal efforts were only equalled by the fearless energy of her histrionic exertions. Who ever can forget the touching tones of her speaking voice? We would rather have heard her speak than half the vocalists we hear in these days sing. Who cannot remember her stupendous *tour de force*? But her choice and execution of *vairettes* were almost invariably in accordance with the school of the master whose composition she was singing—her style was classical at the Philharmonic Society, and *ad captandum* at Drury-lane. She could astonish the learned, as well as electrify the veriest tyro. Malibran was not handsome, according to the strict lines of beauty, but her countenance was replete with expression, and could depict every passion of the moment. Her loss is irreparable.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

THERE is a certain section of the higher class, of which we cannot help thinking that it is they, and they only, who have brought down a torrent of opprobrium on the mass. We allude to the self-elected leaders of what is called the fashionable world and their followers,—a set of weak, trifling, and often profligate people, by no means eminent for birth, wealth, or personal accomplishment, who, by dint of mere assumption, and by persuading a few men and women of real influence and high station to co-operate with them, have contrived to acquire a formidable description of influence in society, which seldom offers an effective resistance to a well-organized system of exclusiveness. The rise of Almack's may serve to illustrate the mode in which this sort of empire was consolidated. A few pretty women, not in the highest rank

of the nobility, met at Devonshire House to practise quadrilles, then recently imported from the continent. The establishment of a subscription-ball was suggested, to which none but the very *élite* were to be admissible; the subscription to be low, with the view of checking the obtrusive vulgarity of wealth. The fancy took, and when it transpired that the patronesses had actually refused a most estimable English Duchess, all London became mad to be admitted; exclusion was universally regarded as a positive loss of caste, and no arts of solicitation were left untried to avert so horrible a catastrophe. The wives and daughters of the oldest provincial gentry, with pedigrees traced up to the Heptarchy, have been seen humbling themselves by the lowest acts of degradation to soften the obdurate autocratesses; and we fear it is no exaggeration to say, that more than one *parvenu* has been known to barter his vote in parliament, and more than one *parvenue* her honour, for a ball-ticket. The *prestige* has gradually abated, and the institution is now tottering in its fall; but its origin is worth recording, as a ludicrous phenomenon in the progress of society.—*Quarterly Review*.

PAINTING—COLOURS.

We cannot but remark the striking conclusion which is to be drawn from the great similarity of the materials used in painting in all ages, whilst the art itself has been subject to such great vicissitudes. In no department of chemical or natural science were the ancients and our own ancestors so nearly, not to say entirely, our superiors, as in the manufacture and composition of colours. The great experimental colourist of the fifteenth century, Van Eyck, has left unfading proofs of his skill as well as of his genius; whilst the experimental colourist of the eighteenth century, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has already lost so much of his tone and brightness. The painters of our own time throughout Europe, notwithstanding the recent discoveries in chemistry and natural science, are unable to reproduce the rich hues of Titian, or of the early Germans.

In mentioning the experimental researches of Van Eyck in the materials of painting, we are reminded of one of the many disappointments he met with. He had just applied a newly-invented combination, (probably of line-water and some other ingredients,) to a large and highly-finished picture. This mixture required to be rapidly dried, and, for that purpose, the picture was left for a short time in the sun; when the artist returned to witness the result of his experiment, he found that the action of the heat on the composition had split the canvass, and that his work was utterly ruined! Happily for the arts, their best votaries have possessed the genius

of perseverance as well as the genius of enterprise.—*British and Foreign Review*, No. 5.

The Gatherrr.

Don Pedro passed some time in England, and being one of the lions of the day (rather a dark-browed one) at the period of the visit of the Spanish patriots in 1808, was very hospitably and generously entertained, which he never spoke of but in terms of the warmest gratitude; but the most flattering mark of British favour which he prided himself on was the soubriquet of "*Charles Fox*," bestowed on him at Lord Holland's table; and certainly, in bust, in feature, in eye, brow, and, above all, in voice, he bore a powerful resemblance to that celebrated statesman. "*I tell the Prince of Wales*," said the Don, "*that I like very much England*, very much King George; and the Prince tell me I was double Charles Fox" (his *double*, we are to presume).—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

The Count Altamira.—This splendid little man (for he was only four feet two, and it might be said, with equal correctness, "*by two*," for he was an upright parallelogram), who could boast of the title of Prince, with three Dukedoms, although using the *ancient* title as that of chiefest honour, would never bow his neck to the yoke of Napoleon. He it was who made the appropriate reply to that wittol Charles IV., when he said, "*Cousin, what a little fellow you are*."—"Yes, sire, but in my own house I am a *great* one."—*Ibid*.

Don Tomas Isturiz was one day walking near the Royal Exchange, during the drawing of the lottery in 1815, and feeling an inclination to sport twenty pounds, went into the office of Martin and Co., Cornhill, where, referring to his pocket-book, he counted the number of days that elapsed from that of his providential escape from Madrid (and the tender mercies prepared for him by the beloved Fernando); he found them amount to 261, and then demanded to buy that ticket; but it was nearly half an hour before it could be obtained, and only after a strict search amongst the lottery offices in the city. At length a half ticket of No. 261 was produced at two o'clock, and at five it was drawn a prize of forty thousand pounds, the only one ever exhibited to that amount in England. The lucky Don lay down that night twenty thousand pounds richer than he had risen!—*Ibid*.

Music in the Kitchen.—We have frequently heard many curious anecdotes of servant girls giving themselves *airs*, when they want to engage themselves; but the following may be relied on as a fact. A lady, who kept a seminary in Somers Town, was in want of

a housemaid; she advertised, and many called to offer their services. The lady was pleased with the appearance of one, and entered into an agreement with her, requesting her to come to her place without delay. The girl seemed as if she had something on her mind; and, after a grand effort, she said that she would require to go out twice a week for the first month. "Oh! (said the lady) you attend some particular chapel, I conclude?"—"No, ma'am, (simpered the girl) but I am learning the guitar, and have paid for a quarter's instruction in advance; so I should not like to lose my lessons."—"Where do you intend to practise," said the lady.—"In the kitchen, I suppose," answered Sappho Cobwebber.—"Oh! I shall grow distracted (said the lady); what with the young ladies thumping up stairs, and you thumping below;—you won't suit me. Good day to you."—*Musical World.*

Dutch Vauxhall.—On the 18th and 20th August, the "Vauxhall Doele" was opened, upon the occasion of the fair being held at Rotterdam. The Hollanders' Vauxhall is a pleasant garden, brilliantly lighted up, the amusements consisting wholly of music, both vocal and instrumental. The former, was performed in a spacious room; the latter, in the open air, and was of considerably the finer character, both as to selection and performers. The pieces were played in a very superior style, and to a large and admiring audience, who tranquilly enjoyed what was provided for them, smoking their slender clay pipes, and ever and anon moistening their own clay with a glass of good Rhenish. There are substantial advantages in having a smoking audience—particularly a musical audience, and in the open air. The gratification in itself, is a placid and contemplative one; it smooths the little asperities of temper; it mitigates the querulousness of criticism; and what is better than all upon such an occasion, it insures *silence*. Only think of an evening's good performance of Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Riaz, and Mendelssohn, for the sum of one and tenpence!—*Musical World.*

Benevolence of Malibran.—A poor Italian chorus-singer, in the King's Theatre, had lost his voice by a severe cold, and had applied to Malibran for pecuniary assistance to enable him to return to his native country. The truth of his destitute condition being ascertained, Malibran gave him five sovereigns, stating that his passage was paid to Leghorn, and thence to his native place. The poor fellow, upon hearing these glad tidings, exclaimed, in Italian, "Ah! Madame, you have saved me for ever." With a benevolent smile, she immediately replied, "No; the Almighty alone can do that. Tell no one."—*Morning Chronicle.*

New Company.—Some wag of a Correspondent has sent to the *Morning Herald*, (a paper, by the way, always awake to "a jest's prosperity,") a sketch of a New Laid Egg Company. "The advantages resulting to the Company (says the sketch) will be obvious by the following statement:—It is an incontrovertible fact that eggs enter into the composition of custards, tarts, jellies, and puddings, to an extent almost incredible. They are indispensable to the cook, the baker, the chemist, and the manufacturer. All the writers on domestic economy, gastronomy, and egonomy, from Mrs. Hannah Glasse down to Dr. Kitchener and Mrs. Rundell, have laid it down as a maxim 'that one English egg is worth three French ones.' So long, therefore, as 'eggs are eggs,' this demand must be supplied, and the facilities which will be afforded by the splendid arrangements of this Company, must of absolute necessity insure to the shareholders profits incalculable. The Committee will have to surmount many difficulties in quartering the town; but they have the pleasure to announce their unshaken confidence in their ultimate success. Sites for their poultry establishments will be obtained if possible at the following stations:—Tothill-fields, Leicester-fields, St. Martin's-fields, Smithfield, Copenhagen-fields, Goodman's-fields, St. George's-fields, Camberwell-green, and Kensington-common. Accelerators will be constructed on the plan of the Post-office, so that a newspaper and a new-laid egg may be placed on the breakfast-table simultaneously; thus accomplishing that great desideratum—knowledge and food for the people. Knowledge is power; but knowledge without eggs is a fallacy. Addled eggs will be immediately exchanged on personal application to the Secretary. Agents will be despatched to Friesland, Poland, and Dorking, to select the finest broods of fowls; for which those places are so justly celebrated. To gratify the lovers of country eggs, the Committee contemplates the purchase of Salisbury-plain for their grand depot. Eggs laid there at six o'clock A. M. will be forwarded by steam-carriages, so as to arrive at half-past seven o'clock, and be delivered with the town eggs and newspapers at the usual breakfast hour."

A Substitute for Capers.—Dr. George Johnston says that the flower-buds of the marsh-marigold, (*Caltha palustris*), preserved in salted vinegar, are a good substitute for capers.—*Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed.*

J. H. F.

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